Come, come along,
Lets dye with honor, our shame doth last too long.

Exit omnes

Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the boy.

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
French. O Monsieur, ie vou en pree aues petie de moy.
Pist. Moy shall not serue, I will haue forty moys.
Boy, aske his name.
Boy. Comant ettes v ous apelles?
Fren. Monsieur Fer.
Boy. He sayes his name is master Fer.
Pist. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,
Boy discusse the same in French.
Boy. Sir I do not know whats French for Fer, ferite, and ferke.
Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voulles couple votre gorge.
Pist. Onye ma foy couple la gorge,
Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious ransome, dye.

One point of a fox.

Fren. Qui dit ill monsieur,
Ill dityе si vou ny vouly pa domy suy.
Boy. La gran ransome, ill voutueres.
Fren. O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran Captaine, pour auez mercie
A moy, ey iee donerees pour mon ransome
Cinquante ocios. Ie suyes vngentelhome de France.
Pist. What sayes he boy?
Boy. Marry sir he sayes he is a gentleman of a great
House of France, and for his ransome,
He will giue you 500. Crownes.
Pist. My fury shall abate,
And I the Crownes will take,
And as I sucke blood, I will some mercie shew.

Folow

Follow me cur.

Enter the Kin

King. What the Frenc
Yet als not done, the Fre
Ex. The Duke of York
Kin. Liues he good vnl
Twice vp againe:
From helmet to the spur,
Exe. In which array, b
Larding the plaines, and
Yoake-fellow to his hon
The Noble Earle of Suff
Suffolke first dyed, and Y
Comes to him where in
And takes him by the b
That bloudily did yawn
And cryed alowd, tarry
My soule shall thine kee
Tarry deere soule awhil
And in this glorious an
We kept togither in ou
Vpon these words I can
He tooke me by the han
Commend my seruice t
So did he turne, and o
He threw his wounded
With blood he sealed.
Of neuer-ending loue.
The pretty and sweete
Forc'd those waters fr
But I had not so much
But all my mother cam
And gaue me vp to tea
Kin. I blame you n
I must conuert to tear